

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might  
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence  
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better  
(*Cornets, a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)  
I am not there, oh better never borne  
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* The Crie's a *Palamon.*

*Emil.* Then he has won: 'Twas ever likely,  
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is  
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run  
And tell me how it goes.

*Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.*

*Ser.* Still *Palamon.*

*Emil.* Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,  
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,  
*Palamon* on the left, why so, I know not,  
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

*Another cry, and shows within, and Cornets.*

On the sinifter side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*  
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour  
Is sure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcite's* body  
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry  
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,  
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and  
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are  
Hand to hand at it.

*Emil.* Were they metamorphis'd  
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman  
Worth so compold a Man: their single share,  
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives  
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

*Cornets, Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.*

To any Lady breathing — More exulting?  
*Palamon* still?

*Ser.* Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.*

*Emil.* I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

*Cornets.*

*Cornets, a great showt and cry, Arcite, victory.*

Set both thine eares to'th busines.

*Ser.* The cry is

*Arcite*, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,  
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd  
By the wind Instruments.

*Emil.* Halfe sights saw

That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his riches  
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could  
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,  
Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,  
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke  
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not  
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets  
When oft our fancies are: They are coming off:  
Alas poore *Palamon.*

*Cornets.*

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and  
attendants, &c.*

*Thes.* Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,  
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Emily*,  
The gods by their divine arbitrament  
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one  
As ever strooke at head: Give me your hands;  
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with  
A love that growes, as you decay;

*Arcite. Emily,*

To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,  
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely,  
As I doe rate your value.

*Thes.* O loved Sister,

He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere  
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods  
Would have him die a Batchelour, least his race  
Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour  
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was  
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise  
Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*  
Did not loose by't; For he that was thus good

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